



UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE INTERNATIONAL EXAMINATIONS  
General Certificate of Education  
Advanced Subsidiary Level and Advanced Level

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**LITERATURE IN ENGLISH**

**9695/41**

Paper 4 Drama

**October/November 2013**

**2 hours**

Additional Materials: Answer Booklet/Paper

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**READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST**

If you have been given an Answer Booklet, follow the instructions on the front cover of the Booklet.

Write your Centre number, candidate number and name on all the work you hand in.

Write in dark blue or black pen.

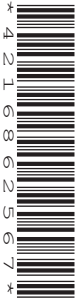
Do not use staples, paper clips, highlighters, glue or correction fluid.

Answer **two** questions.

You are reminded of the need for good English and clear presentation in your answers.

At the end of the examination, fasten all your work securely together.

All questions in this paper carry equal marks.



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This document consists of **11** printed pages and **1** blank page.



EDWARD ALBEE: *Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?*

- 1 **Either** (a) 'NICK: ... *You've* got history on *your* side ... I've got biology on mine. History, biology.  
 GEORGE: I know the difference.  
 NICK: You don't act it.'

Discuss the dramatic consequences of this debate for the action of the play as a whole.

- Or** (b) How might an audience react as the following scene unfolds? You should make close reference to detail from the passage.

*Nick*: Honey....

*Honey* [*to NICK, snapping*]: Stop that!

*George*: I thought it was fitting, Martha.

*Martha*: Oh you did, hunh?

*Honey*: You're always *at* me when I'm having a good time. 5

*Nick* [*trying to remain civil*]: I'm sorry, Honey.

*Honey*: Just ... leave me alone!

*George*: Well, why don't *you* choose, Martha? [*Moves away from the phonograph ... leaves it to MARTHA.*] Martha's going to run things ... the little lady's going to lead the band. 10

*Honey*: I like to dance and you don't want me to.

*Nick*: I like you to dance.

*Honey*: Just ... leave me alone. [*She sits ... takes a drink.*]

*George*: Martha's going to put on some rhythm she understands ... *Sacre du Printemps*, maybe. [*Moves ... sits by HONEY.*] Hi, sexy. 15

*Honey* [*a little giggle-scream*]: Oooooohhhhh!

*George* [*laughs mockingly*]: Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. Choose it, Martha ... do your stuff! 20

*Martha* [*concentrating on the machine*]: You're damn right!

*George* [*to HONEY*]: You want to dance with me, angel-tits?

*Nick*: What did you call my wife?

*George* [*derisively*]: Oh boy!

*Honey* [*petulantly*]: No! If I can't do my interpretive dance, I don't want to dance with anyone. I'll just sit here and ... [*Shrugs ... drinks.*] 25

*Martha* [*record on ... a jazzy slow pop tune*]: O.K. stuff, let's go. [*Grabs NICK.*]

*Nick*: Hm? Oh ... hi. 30

*Martha*: Hi. [*They dance, close together, slowly.*]

*Honey* [*pouting*]: We'll just sit here and watch.

*George*: That's *right!*

*Martha* [*to NICK*]: Hey, you *are* strong, aren't you?

- Nick:* Unh-hunh. 35
- Martha:* I like that.
- Nick:* Unh-hunh.
- Honey:* They're dancing like they've danced before.
- George:* It's a familiar dance ... they both know it. ...
- Martha:* Don't be shy. 40
- Nick:* I'm ... not ...
- George* [to HONEY]: It's a very old ritual, monkey-nipples ... old as they come.
- Honey:* I ... I don't know what you mean.
- [NICK and MARTHA move apart now, and dance on either side of where GEORGE and HONEY are sitting; they face each other, and while their feet move but little, their bodies undulate congruently .... It is as if they were pressed together.] 45
- Martha:* I like the way you move. 50
- Nick:* I like the way you move, too.
- George* [to HONEY]: They like the way they move.
- Honey* [not entirely with it]: That's nice.
- Martha* [to NICK]: I'm surprised George didn't give you his side of things. 55
- George* [to HONEY]: Aren't they cute?
- Nick:* Well, he didn't.
- Martha:* That surprises me.
- [Perhaps MARTHA's statements are more or less in time to the music] 60
- Nick:* Does it?
- Martha:* Yeah ... he usually does ... when he gets the chance.
- Nick:* Well, what do you know.
- Martha:* It's really a very sad story.
- George:* You have ugly talents, Martha. 65
- Nick:* Is it?
- Martha:* It would make you weep.
- George:* Hideous gifts.
- Nick:* Is that so?
- George:* Don't encourage her. 70
- Martha:* Encourage me.
- Nick:* Go on.
- [They may undulate towards each other and then move back.]
- George:* I warn you ... don't encourage her. 75
- Martha:* He warns you ... don't encourage me.

Act 2

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *The Winter's Tale*

- 2 **Either** (a) Discuss the role and dramatic significance of Polixenes in the play as a whole.  
**Or** (b) With close reference to detail, discuss the dramatic impact of the following scene.

*Antigonus:* Come, poor babe.  
 I have heard, but not believ'd, the spirits o' th' dead  
 May walk again. If such thing be, thy mother  
 Appear'd to me last night; for ne'er was dream  
 So like a waking. To me comes a creature, 5  
 Sometimes her head on one side some another –  
 I never saw a vessel of like sorrow,  
 So fill'd and so becoming; in pure white robes,  
 Like very sanctity, she did approach  
 My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me; 10  
 And, gasping to begin some speech, her eyes  
 Became two spouts; the fury spent, anon  
 Did this break from her: 'Good Antigonus,  
 Since fate, against thy better disposition,  
 Hath made thy person for the thrower-out 15  
 Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,  
 Places remote enough are in Bohemia,  
 There weep, and leave it crying; and, for the babe  
 Is counted lost for ever, Perdita  
 I prithee call't. For this ungentle business, 20  
 Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see  
 Thy wife Paulina more'. And so, with shrieks,  
 She melted into air. Affrighted much,  
 I did in time collect myself, and thought  
 This was so and no slumber. Dreams are toys; 25  
 Yet, for this once, yea, superstitiously,  
 I will be squar'd by this. I do believe  
 Hermione hath suffer'd death, and that  
 Apollo would, this being indeed the issue  
 Of King Polixenes, it should here be laid, 30  
 Either for life or death, upon the earth  
 Of its right father. Blossom, speed thee well!  
 [Laying down the child.  
 There lie, and there thy character; there these  
 [Laying down a bundle. 35  
 Which may, if fortune please, both breed thee, pretty,  
 And still rest thine. The storm begins. Poor wretch,  
 That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd  
 To loss and what may follow! Weep I cannot,  
 But my heart bleeds; and most accurs'd am I 40  
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this. Farewell!  
 The day frowns more and more. Thou'rt like to have  
 A lullaby too rough; I never saw  
 The heavens so dim by day. [Noise of hunt within]  
 A savage clamour! 45  
 Well may I get aboard! This is the chase;  
 I am gone for ever. [Exit, pursued by a bear.  
 [Enter an old Shepherd.

*Shepherd:* I would there were no age between ten and three  
and twenty, or that youth would sleep out the rest; 50  
for there is nothing in the between but getting  
wenches with child, wronging the ancientry, stealing,  
fighting – [*Horns*] Hark you now! Would any but  
these boil'd brains of nineteen and two and twenty  
hunt this weather? They have scar'd away two of 55  
my best sheep, which I fear the wolf will sooner find  
than the master. If any where I have them, 'tis by  
the sea-side, browsing of ivy. Good luck, an't be  
thy will! What have we here? [*Taking up the child*]  
Mercy on's, a barne! A very pretty barne. A boy or 60  
a child, I wonder? A pretty one; a very pretty one  
– sure, some scape. Though I am not bookish, yet  
I can read waiting-gentle-woman in the scape. This  
has been some stair-work, some trunk-work, some  
behind-door-work; they were warmer that got this 65  
than the poor thing is here. I'll take it up for pity; yet  
I'll tarry till my son come; he halloo'd but even now.  
Whoa-ho-hoa!

Act 3, Scene 3

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Richard III***3 Either (a)** 'This sickly land.'

In the light of this comment, discuss Shakespeare's presentation of political instability and its consequences in *Richard III*.

**Or (b)** With close reference to the extract, discuss Shakespeare's initial presentation of Richard, Duke of Gloucester.**SCENE I.** *London. A Street.*

*Enter* RICHARD, DUKE OF GLOUCESTER, *solus*.

*Gloucester:* Now is the winter of our discontent  
 Made glorious summer by this sun of York;  
 And all the clouds that lour'd upon our house 5  
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.  
 Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths;  
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments;  
 Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,  
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures. 10  
 Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front,  
 And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds  
 To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,  
 He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber  
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute. 15  
 But I – that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,  
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass –  
 I – that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty  
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph –  
 I – that am curtail'd of this fair proportion, 20  
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,  
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time  
 Into this breathing world scarce half made up,  
 And that so lamely and unfashionable  
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by them – 25  
 Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,  
 Have no delight to pass away the time,  
 Unless to spy my shadow in the sun  
 And descant on mine own deformity.  
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover 30  
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,  
 I am determin'd to prove a villain  
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.  
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,  
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams, 35  
 To set my brother Clarence and the King  
 In deadly hate the one against the other;  
 And if King Edward be as true and just  
 As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,  
 This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up – 40  
 About a prophecy which says that G  
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be.  
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul. Here Clarence comes.

Act 1, Scene 1

**Turn to Page 8 for Question 4**

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: *A Streetcar Named Desire*

- 4 **Either** (a) Consider Williams's use of aggression and violence – both physical and verbal – in *A Streetcar Named Desire*.
- Or** (b) With close reference to the passage below, discuss Williams's presentation of tension between Stanley and Stella at this point in the play.

[STANLEY *pulls open the wardrobe trunk standing in the middle of the room and jerks out an armful of dresses.*]

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*[STELLA goes out on the porch. BLANCHE comes out of the bathroom in a red satin robe.]*

Scene 2

OSCAR WILDE: *An Ideal Husband*

- 5 **Either** (a) Discuss the role and dramatic significance of Lord Goring in the play.
- Or** (b) With close reference to detail from the following passage, discuss Wilde's creation of dramatic tension at this point in the play.

<i>Mrs Cheveley:</i>	You thought that letter had been destroyed. How foolish of you! It is in my possession.	
<i>Sir Robert Chiltern:</i>	The affair to which you allude was no more than a speculation. The House of Commons had not yet passed the bill; it might have been rejected.	5
<i>Mrs Cheveley:</i>	It was a swindle, Sir Robert. Let us call things by their proper names. It makes everything simpler. And now I am going to sell you that letter, and the price I ask for it is your public support of the Argentine scheme. You made your own fortune out of one canal. You must help me and my friends to make our fortunes out of another!	10
<i>Sir Robert Chiltern:</i>	It is infamous, what you propose – infamous!	
<i>Mrs Cheveley:</i>	Oh, no! This is the game of life as we all have to play it, Sir Robert, sooner or later!	15
<i>Sir Robert Chiltern:</i>	I cannot do what you ask me.	
<i>Mrs Cheveley:</i>	You mean you cannot help doing it. You know you are standing on the edge of a precipice. And it is not for you to make terms. It is for you to accept them. Supposing you refuse –	20
<i>Sir Robert Chiltern:</i>	What then?	
<i>Mrs Cheveley:</i>	My dear Sir Robert, what then? You are ruined, that is all! Remember to what a point your Puritanism in England has brought you. In old days nobody pretended to be a bit better than his neighbours. In fact, to be a bit better than one's neighbour was considered excessively vulgar and middle-class. Nowadays, with our modern mania for morality, everyone has to pose as a paragon of purity, incorruptibility, and all the other seven deadly virtues – and what is the result? You all go over like ninepins – one after the other. Not a year passes in England without somebody disappearing. Scandals used to lend charm, or at least interest, to a man – now they crush him. And yours is a very nasty scandal. You couldn't survive it. If it were known that as a young man, secretary to a great and important minister, you sold a Cabinet secret for a large sum of money, and that that was the origin of your wealth and career, you would be hounded out of public life, you would disappear completely. And after all, Sir Robert, why should you sacrifice your entire future rather than deal diplomatically with your enemy? For the moment I am your enemy. I admit it! And I am much stronger than you are. The big battalions are	25 30 35 40 45

on my side. You have a splendid position, but it is your splendid position that makes you so vulnerable. You can't defend it! And I am in attack. Of course I have not talked morality to you. You must admit in fairness that I have spared you that. Years ago you did a clever, unscrupulous thing; it turned out a great success. You owe to it your fortune and position. And now you have got to pay for it. Sooner or later we all have to pay for what we do. You have to pay now. Before I leave you tonight, you have got to promise me to suppress your report, and to speak in the House in favour of this scheme. 50

*Sir Robert Chiltern:* What you ask is impossible.

*Mrs Cheveley:* You must make it possible. You are going to make it possible. Sir Robert, you know what your English newspapers are like. Suppose that when I leave this house I drive down to some newspaper office, and give them this scandal and the proofs of it! Think of their loathsome joy, of the delight they would have in dragging you down, of the mud and mire they would plunge you in. Think of the hypocrite with his greasy smile penning his leading article, and arranging the foulness of the public placard. 60

*Sir Robert Chiltern:* Stop! You want me to withdraw the report and to make a short speech stating that I believe there are possibilities in the scheme? 65

*Mrs Cheveley [Sitting down on the sofa]:* Those are my terms. 70

Act 1

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